

# 6  
Imp. Poetry vol 46.

# BAGATELLE.

A

## DIALOGUE.

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*J'habille en vers une maligne prose ;  
C'est par la que Je vauz, si Je vauz quelque chose.*

BOILEAU Sat.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

B A G A T E L L E

D I A L O G U E



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L O W D O N

Printed for J. WILKIE in St. Paul's Church-Yard

MDCCCXXV

[Price One Shilling.]

**Mr. A N S T Y,**

**Author of THE BATH GUIDE.**

*S I R,*

**T**HE prefixing a name of real importance in the Literary world to a trifling composition, like stamping the Royal Effigy on base metal, might enforce its currency, but can add nothing to its intrinsic value. Yet I cannot say (however necessary such a precaution might have been in the present instance) that it was at all my motive for inscribing this Bagatelle to you. In

return



return for the many hearty laughs I owe to your inimitable performance, I was ambitious of extorting a smile from you: it is, I know, incurring a debt in sterling cash, and paying it in counters; and that I must be more indebted to your own propensity to laugh, than to any power I possess of making you. Such as the tribute is, accept it. *Gaudes carminibus*---I must omit the three words that follow, and leave you *pretium dicere muneri*.

I am, with sincere respect,

Your obedient servant,

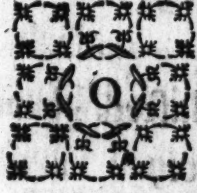
THE AUTHOR.





# BAGATELLE.

## DIALOGUE.

B.  F all the ills, by which mankind are curst,  
The Scribbling malady's by far the worst:  
Are there not rhyming fools enough, but you  
Must add another to the jingling crew?

W. Granted: but when my Dæmon bids me write,  
If I refrain, I'm restless all the night;  
Like swelling wind in hypochonders pent,  
'Twould burst its way, should I refuse it vent.

B

B. This

B. This is a serious case : but why not choose  
 A bold Pindaric, or a Past'ral muse?  
 With Mawbey's sonnets, and Macpherson's prose,  
 Then might you enjoy an endless doze,  
 In friendly dust, with moths your only foes.

W. Once, and but once, I try'd a lofty strain;  
 Call me an ass, if e'er I try again :  
 A favour'd few were summon'd to admire  
 The first bright flashes of my Muse's fire.  
 Of broken lance I sung, and batter'd shield,  
 At Agincourt's and Cressy's bloody field ;  
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes, and deadly points of war ;  
 Of captives chain'd behind the victor's car.  
 For all Olympus too I found employ,  
 In days of yore as Homer did at Troy :  
 Some led my heroes into dire disasters ;  
 These broke their heads, and t'others gave them plasters ;  
 And Jove, and Mars, and Neptune join'd the pother,  
 And then to loggerheads went with one another :  
 \*Of *Nodi*, such as Godheads should untie,  
 I deem'd them better judges far than I :  
 Grim Pluto too th' infernal uproar join'd ;  
 The Fates and Furies scorn'd to stay behind :

Old

\* Nec deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.—HOR. Art. Poet.

Old Charon row'd the slaughter'd heroes o'er,  
 And Maia's son receiv'd them on the shore.  
 Just (while I paus'd, enraptur'd with my theme,  
 And breath'd a pitying sigh for Shakespeare's fame)  
 To mark my friends amaze, I stole a peep,  
 And, would you think it?---they were fast asleep!  
 This seem'd to say, Young man, in future season,  
 Mix with your rumbling rhyme a spice of reason.  
 Scarce had this wholesome counsel cool'd my head,  
 When Chesterfield was number'd with the dead:  
 An epidemic scribbling rag'd around,  
 And Grubstreet's garrets eccho'd with the sound.  
 Me too the madness seis'd: my Muse, thought I,  
 Perchance might sink, although she cannot fly:  
 I'll make one effort in the plaintive way,  
 And through the Church-yard moralise with Gray.  
 First then---I scorn'd to own his Lordship's death  
 Should be (in common fort) for want of breath---  
 I swore some Angel, conscious of his worth,  
 Had left the skies, and snatch'd him from the earth;  
 'Tis true, this tardy minister of heaven  
 Had let his Lordship wait till eighty-seven:  
 And then some critics thought a Lord might die  
 Without an angel's help, like you or I.

My



(My soul despises such phlegmatic fools,  
 Who tie one down to dull prosaic rules.)  
 But to proceed---With many a mournful verse,  
 And many a moral scrap, I deck'd his hearse;  
 And then (such fortune might a saint provoke)  
 My last sad stanza ended with a joke.  
 Enrag'd, asham'd, I threw aside my pen,  
 And vow'd I ne'er would court the Muse again;  
 Yet still my vows (in spite of every warning)  
 Were made at night, and cancell'd in the morning.  
 Chance led me next among some dying swains,  
 Who breathe their amorous sighs in melting strains;  
 Your whining, sniveling Bards, that plague the town  
 With *turning Persian Tales for half a crown*;  
 And though, if e'er I took a rural flight,  
 Paul's and St. Bride's were never out of sight,  
 I too must sing of flocks, and oaten reeds,  
 Of purling rivulets, and flowery meads:  
 Yet, though a swain might boast his crook and flock,  
 Without a nymph he has but half his stock:  
 A beauteous shepherdess was near at hand,  
 A botching taylor's daughter in the Strand:  
 Nan was her name, or Nancy if you will;  
 But Florimel I thought was better still:

For her the Zephyrs were enjoin'd to play ;  
 For her the linnet tun'd his vocal lay ;  
 In twenty sonnets was the fair one told,  
 Her lovely breast, like snow, was white and cold :  
 For kid or lambkin stray'd I bade her weep,  
 Who but in Smithfield scarce had seen a sheep :  
 For flowers to bind my crook I made her crazy,  
 When, perhaps, poor girl ! she hardly knew a daisy.  
 In short, one morn I miss'd the charming maid,  
 Nor knew I where her wand'ring steps had stray'd :  
 A solitary fortnight did I mourn,  
 And breath'd a thousand vows for her return ;  
 Impatient then I left my crook and flock,  
 And trac'd my snow-cold charmer to the Lock.\*  
 Wak'd from my dream, I bade a long adieu  
 To songs and sonnets, flocks and Flory too.  
 Six months a sober quiet life I led,  
 And slept without a stanza in my head.  
 Satan (who saw how nobly I persisted)  
 Threw out a bait no scribbler e'er resisted :  
 Mark, says the tempter, how a well-tim'd song  
 Rais'd rhyming Mævius o'er the vulgar throng.  
 A Lord, whose shame-fac'd virtues shunn'd the day,  
 Mævius had dubb'd the hero of his lay :

C

His

\* Hospital.

His Lordship's friends, who read the modest ditty,  
 And found him learned, generous, brave, and witty,  
 Extoll'd the wond'rous Bard, whose pen reveal'd  
 Virtues my Lord himself had kept conceal'd :  
 The Peer was grateful ; now the Bard drinks claret,  
 And swears the man's a fool who wants a chariot.  
 By Satan urg'd, and Mævius' luck elate,  
 Why too, methought, might I not please the great ?  
 Scarce had I time to get my Muse in train,  
 When a Mæcenæ offer'd to my strain :  
 Egad ! said I, I'll let my patron see  
 He has caught no niggard versemonger in me.  
 Of sermons preach'd at court I borrow'd praises,  
 And rummag'd Whitehead's Birthday-Odes for phrases :  
 I made whole nations his decisions wait,  
 And know no difference 'twixt his will and fate.  
 I gave him Cæsar's heart, and Tully's tongue,  
 And swore that senates on his accents hung.  
 Shame on my lies !—for when he rose to speak,  
 The Peers took snuff to keep themselves awake :  
 I once myself, when this same itch to write  
 Had kept me watchful many a winter's night,  
 Stole in to hear his Lordship make a motion,  
 And sav'd a shilling for a sleepy potion.  
 From this my modest Muse felt no restraint,  
 But laid on praise, as Archer lays on paint :



I blush to own 'twas smear'd about so thick,  
 That (strange to tell !) it made his Chaplain sick.  
 Thus far advanc'd, 'twere pity, on my life,  
 Thought I, should I forget my Patron's wife;  
 And (as his Lordship pays me in the gross)  
 I'll throw a stanza in---'tis no great loss.  
 Now, though the blooming fair I had never seen,  
 I call'd her Nature's glory, Beauty's queen;  
 The Cupids nestled in her dimpled cheek,  
 Or, in her bosom, play'd at hide-and-seek:  
 In short, for every charm that Prior's pen  
 Conferr'd on Cloe, mine, I'm sure, found ten.  
 Here too my fate prevail'd, and I miscarried.

*B.*---Indeed! pray how?

*W.*---His Lordship ne'er was married!

*B.* I'll preach no more; no precepts can prevail  
 On headstrong fools, with whom examples fail:  
 If then, in spite of Nature and Apollo,  
 Where-e'er the scribbling Dæmon leads, you follow,  
 What if you lash the court, ('tis no hard matter)  
 And now and then hang up a Lord in satire?

*W.* Perhaps I shall speak too plain; and then the Peers  
 (You know) may take a fancy to my ears.

*B.* Ne'er let such trifles damp your generous fire;  
 Honours, like these, your brother Bards inspire:  
 Shoot random shots, through thick and thin let fly,  
 And when truth fails you, scorn to spare a lye.  
 Many I've known (whom Phœbus ne'er inspired)  
 By factious zeal, or disappointment fir'd,  
 Who rank, abusive, horrid lyes have writ,  
 And pass'd their ranting Billingsgate for wit.  
 What does it cost to say that North's a slave,  
 That Bourke's a fool, or Talbot is a knave?

*W.* Nothing: but when ambition fires my mind,  
 Even in lyes I scorn to lag behind;  
 And though, O Wilkes! I envy thy renown,  
 Who from thy brow shall dare to pluck the crown?

*B.* Suppose you try your talents for the stage?

*W.* What! in this fee-saw sermonizing age,  
 When sentimental coxcombs yawning sit,  
 And shake their empty heads at Vanbrugh's wit?  
 When Hulls and Packers Kelly's dullness drawl,  
 And Kenrick shoves Ben Jonson from the wall?  
 Ah! no; my soul disclaims the impious vow,  
 To share the laurels torn from Congreve's brow.  
 Arise, immortal Bards of better days!

Tell them the Comic Muse should gaily tread ;  
 And Satire's arrows are not tipp'd with lead :  
 Back to their lurk-holes drive the droning flock,  
 There bid them write for Wesley and the Lock.  
 Thou too, Thalia, reassume thy smile,  
 From fools and wittings save thy once-lov'd isle ;  
 With Ansty bid thy rays of jovial light  
 Dispel a fog that threatens endless night.

*B.* Cannot the 'Change afford some sober Cit ?  
 These plodding fools are charming buts for wit :  
 Methinks, now, Crosby---

*W.* Crosby ! he ! that stock !  
 Who with a lancet ever hew'd a block ?

*B.* A glut of fools, I see, has made you nice ;  
 Better a dearth of them had rais'd their price.  
 Why not attack those beings that disgrace  
 The human form, and stigmatise our race ?  
 Those whiffling fops, who faint at every note  
 That trills melodious through an Eunuch's throat ;  
 But when old Lear's distress makes Nature start,  
 And drives the chill'd blood backward to the heart,  
 Direct their glassses to some flaunting whore,  
 Nod, wink, and smile, then yawn, and cry *Encore!*



*W.* Callous to Garrick, will they Satire feel?  
And who'd *break Butterflies upon a wheel?*  
My pen rejects them, and remits their fates  
To Vauxhall discipline, and Parson Bates.

*B.* Does not the Bill of Rights afford---

*W.* Yes, factious rascals,  
Your brazen Allens, and your mouthing Maskals.  
With names like these no war the Muses wage,  
Reserv'd for Parson Toll's† historic page.

*B.* Hush, if you're wise, nor let your slip-shod Muse  
Sport words, that Charley Crawford dar'd not use §

*W.* What, Hotspur Charley! He, whose blood has run  
In unpolluted channels from the Sun?  
Though, envious of his honors, some court railer  
Pretends his father was an earthly Taylor.

*B.* Rash youth! forbear, the threatening cudgel see,  
That hangs aloft, and cries, Remember me!

*W.* Shall

† Ordinary of Newgate.

§ Charley's legal exceptions to the word *Rascal* are too recent to be forgot.

*W.* Shall I not laugh then?

*B.* Not if you've discretion,  
Has fallen Michael's fate made no impression?

*W.* Michael indeed has no great cause to grin;  
But sure a smile in me can be no sin.  
When Bull steps forth to urge a nation's plea,  
And weighs its interest as he weighs his tea;  
Shall I not laugh to hear the fool repeat  
No King shall dub Him Minister of state?  
Or when Sir Watkin, Wilkes's Man of Straw,  
To shirtless mobs imparts Their monarch's law;  
First gracious bows, then swells, and views his chain,  
And hums and haas, and haas and hums again;  
Repeating still the same unvaried round  
Of pompous jargon, and unmeaning sound;  
Impugning laws which Mansfield had decreed,  
Or quoting statutes which he scarce could read?  
(Crosby indignant sees his laurels won,  
And gentle Dulness mourns her vanquish'd son;  
While Reynolds, champion of the seven-fold face,  
Blushes---

*B.* He blush!

*W.* ---and blushing leaves the place)

Shall I not laugh aloud, when such a Thing  
 Instructs a senate, and rebukes a king?  
 Think ere too late, thou Pageant of a day,  
 When all these bubbles shall be blown away---  
 When mobs shall bawl no more, and, what is worse,  
 When Wilkes shall eye askant thine empty purse ;\*  
 Ruin'd, deserted, how wilt thou repine  
 At that curs'd hour the Devil bade thee shine,  
 When, in delusive dreams, the vengeful sprite  
 Dangled the golden chain before thy sight,  
 And taught thee lying phantoms to pursue,  
 To wake, and find thy ruin only true !  
 Ah ! happier far had Fortune bade thee seek  
 No higher honors than the gilded Leek ;  
 Old Snowdon might have ecchoed with thy Fame,  
 And Parry's Harp resounded to thy name ;  
 Or Evan Lloyd, in namby-pamby rhyme,  
 Have tow'd thee gently down the stream of time.  
 When on St. David's morn thou stalk'dst along,  
 Superbly tow'ring 'mid the Cambrian throng,  
 How have the fair ones bless'd thy stately walk,  
 And curs'd the envious fiend that bade thee talk !

B. Zounds !

\* *Latus ut in circo spatiere, æneus ut fies,  
 Nudus agris, nudus nummis, insane, paternis.*



**B.** Zounds! has thine idle rhapsody no end?  
 To what does all this declamation tend?  
 Think'st thou thy Muse, by such tame harmless strains,  
 Will shame Sir Joseph\* back to hogs and grains?  
 That Wilkes for these will one bold lye suppress,  
 Or rancorous Kenrick† forge a line the less?  
 By these, that hoary Wilson‡ will be driven  
 To cast up one repentant glance to heaven?  
 Oh---for the gall that flow'd from Churchill's pen!

**W.** And were it twice as bitter, pray what then?  
 Would tow'ring Folly for a moment hide  
 Her head abash'd? would Vice contract its stride?

**E**

**Would**

\* *Mawbey*.—This wight flashed into the political hemisphere, out of the Mash-tub, a most disinterested Patriot, and profound Politician; nor has his attention to the Public Welfare so wholly engrossed his time, but that he has found leisure to let the Muses understand he was not insensible to their charms: he composed some very pretty pieces; but Time has not left one of them to favor my readers with a quotation from. He was ambitious too of appearing as a man of nice honor; but—a plague on that Wyat!

† *Kenrick*.—Let this man reflect on his conduct in respect to Mr. Garrick, and ask his conscience how well he deserves this epithet.

‡ *Wilson*.—A curious circumstance in this Dotard's history must not be omitted. Some years since, he was in the list of the King's Chaplains, and in one of his sermons at St. James's offered up such fulsome incense to the Royal nostrils, that it was deemed too gross even from a Chaplain. On this being intimated to him, he withdrew from court in despair, at being obliged to renounce the only qualification he possessed, that could give him any hopes of attaining a bishoprick.

Would Fox resign his dice? or, what is more,  
 Would gouty ——— resign his whore?  
 Would Harriet Powel\* quit her gilded chariot,  
 Or rosy roaring ——— leave his claret?  
 Sooner shall father Thames his streams recall,  
 Sooner shall Ste'† cut capers at a ball,  
 Sooner shall Ansty's pen write one dull line,  
 Sooner shall callous Crosby wince at mine,  
 Sooner shall Hobart's spouse renounce a jig,  
 Sooner shall dainty Dodd§ renounce his wig,  
 Than we (though Shipley|| preach, and Madan rave)  
 Shall pass unelbow'd by a fool or knave.

\* *Powel*.—This nymph was formerly a Sister in Charlotte Hays's Nunnery; but 'tis some time since she has quitted the Veil, and placed herself under the direction of Lord S——h.

† *Stephen F*—x.

§ *Dodd*.—The Doctor, regardless of the proverb, "that good wine needs no bush," hangs out his Wig as a symbol of his Preaching, prim, puffed, and priggish. The following laughable anecdote is told of this Gentleman.—Some time since, he invited several Ladies to partake of the dinner provided for the Chaplains at St. James's. As the thing was unprecedented, no care had been taken to furnish a very necessary utensil: the Ladies soon began to show that they found themselves extremely uneasy. When quitting the bottle is to be the consequence, the Clergy are not to a proverb quick of apprehension. At length one of the females was under the pressing necessity of whispering the Doctor: the Chaplains left the room, and, dire to tell! their Soup-tureen was degraded to the ignoble function of—a Chamber-pot.

|| *Shipley*.—The only atonement I can make so respectable a character, for putting him between Dr. Dodd and Dr. Madan, is, by subscribing to the general opinion of him, that he reflects no less honor on his profession than on human nature.

Come then, my friend, let's tune a merry lay ;  
 Spite of the worst, we'll carrol down the day ;  
 We'll laugh at Wilkes's lyes, and Watkin's speeches ;  
 At H---r's coat, and S---'s\* muslin breeches ;  
 At pious Wesley weeping o'er a sinner ;  
 At Royal Chaplains smiling o'er a dinner ;  
 At lewd old ——— in an alley whoring ;  
 At sage D———y§ o'er a crab-loufe poring ;  
 We'll laugh aloud at Kennicot's† collations,  
 And louder still at his subscribers patience ;  
 At wither'd H———g trembling over joys  
 Which Impotence to hoary Lust denies,  
 Come Curfing his stars he cannot die by proxy,  
 And dupe the Devil as he bilks a doxy ;

At

\* H---r and S---. Of these two meteors in the Foppish Atmosphere, one appeared in coat, the seams of which were covered with a gold twist ; the other exhibited a pair of pink silk breeches shaded with muslin.

§ D———y. A most profound Naturalist, nor less distinguished as a Stargazer and Fabricator of Nutcrackers : nothing in heaven or earth escapes him, from the Man in the Moon to the Primum Mobile ; from the " flea in the blanket to the elephant in the forest."

† Kennicot.—

" Dicite Iö Pæan, & Io bis dicite Pæan !

" Aggrederere O magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores

" Cara Deûm soboles ! magnum Jovis incrementum !"

Happy age ! unlooked-for day ! at length it will be ascertained, irrefragably ascertained ! whether the apple that Eve gave to Adam was a Golden Pippin, or a Nonpareil ; whether Lot's wife glanced the fatal look over her Right, or her Left shoulder ; and whether Taylors sat cross-legged in the days of Solomon.



At Highland Mackintoshes\* framing rules  
Of elocution for the English schools;  
At jockey Lords, and gin-shop Politicians,  
At priggish Parsons, and at quack Physicians;  
And when no worthier cause excites our glee,  
I'll laugh at you---and you shall laugh at me.

\* *Mackintoshes*.—Among the phenomena of the present age, not the least extraordinary are the Northern Lecturers on Oratory, who come in shoals from Auld Reekie and even from Strathbogie, to teach us to speak our own language.

*The E. N. D.*



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